

The Historie of

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffe*'s Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeare before, I blush to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blush't extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee; when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *Iohn braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the *North Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O *Glendower*.

*Fal.* *Owen, Owen*, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes Down-glasse, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll killes a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

Henry t

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prince.* So did he neuer the

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (yee C) budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instin

*Fal.* I grantsye, vpon instin *Mordake*, and a thousand bl away by night, thy fathers be you may buy Land now as ch

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there buffeting hold, wee shall buy nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, tho good trading that way. But re feard? thou being Heire app out three such Enemies again *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower* doth not thy blood thrill at it

*Prin.* Nor awhit yfaith: I l

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be thou comest to thy Father answere.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this ger my Scepter, and this Cu

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a leaden Dagger, and t tiffull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire o now shalt thou be moued. C mine eyes looke redde, tha For I must speake in passion vaine.